

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

King.

*Welf.* My Liege: This haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the Charge set downe  
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
 A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;  
 Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 And a thousand of his people butchered:

King. Here is a decree and true industrious friend,  
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,  
Strain'd with the variation of each foyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes news,  
The Earle of *Douglas* is difcomfited,  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights  
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see  
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hoffpurre* took  
*Mordake* Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
To beate *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Arboh*,  
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.  
And is not this an honourable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha Cousin, is it not? Infaith it is,  
*well*. A Conquest fore Princes to beaft of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me fin,  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;  
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:  
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,  
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow  
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,  
That some Night-tripping-Faery, had exchang'd  
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,  
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine :  
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze  
Of this young *Percies* pride ? The Prisoners  
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Eise*.  
*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester  
Maleuolent to you in all Aspects :  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.  
*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this :  
And for this cause a-while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.  
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold  
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords :  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vitered.  
*West.* I will my Liege.

*Fal.* Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?  
*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houises, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purfes, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maicesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prin.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prin.* Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nightes bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

*Prin.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone; as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most disloyally spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

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*Prim.* As is  
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*Fal.* How d  
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*Prim.* Why  
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*Fal.* Well,  
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*Prim.* Dic  
*Fal.* No, Il  
*Prim.* Yea a  
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*Fal.* Yea, a  
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*Prim.* For o  
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*Prim.* Or a  
*Fal.* Yea, or  
*Prim.* Wha  
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